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THE INFANT JESUS.—COPIED BY JOHN S. DAVIS.

THE ALDINE.

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WINTER SCENES.

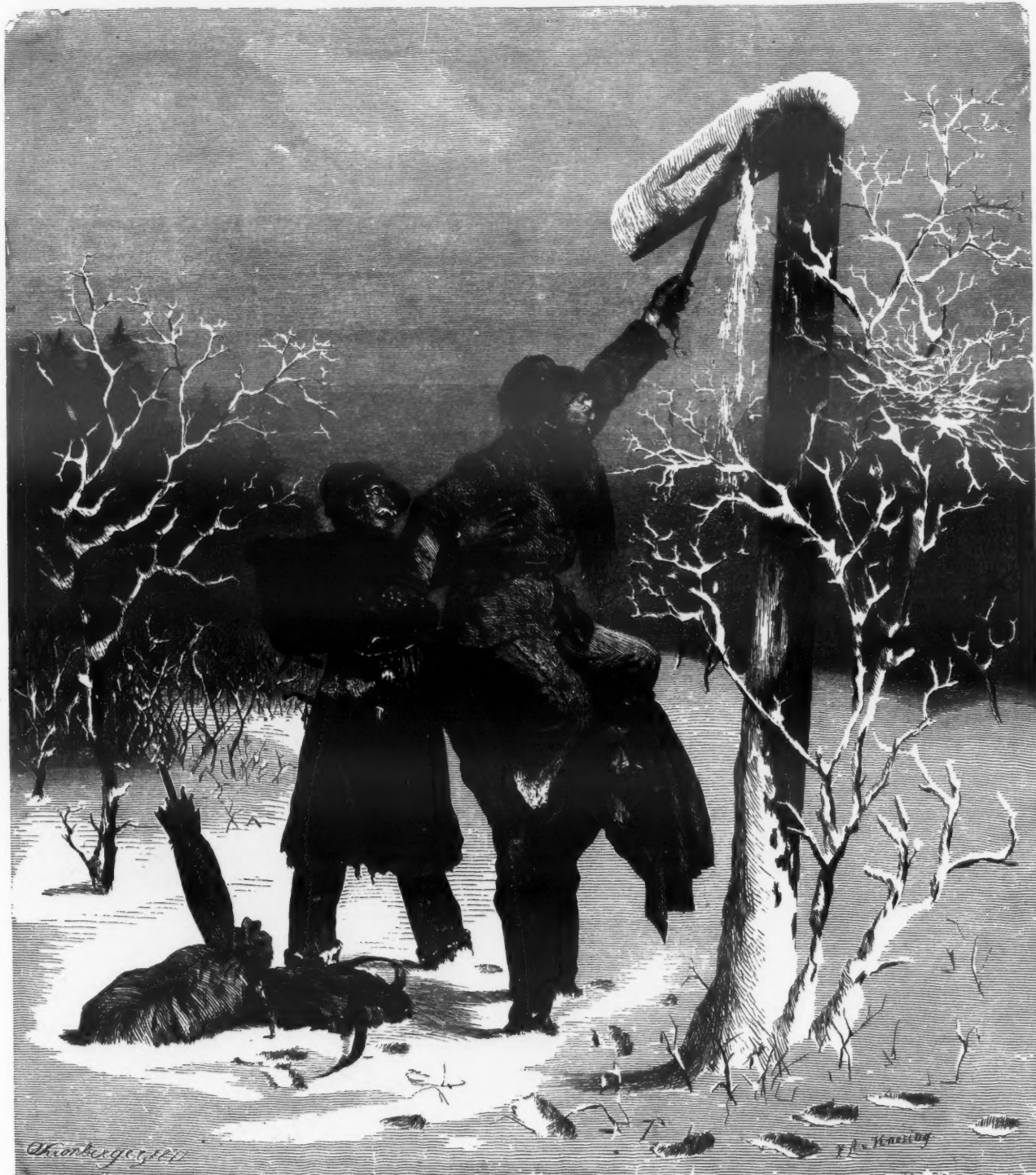
THERE is, in our way of thinking, a wild insatiable enjoyment in winter, which no other season can match. Even tramps, journeying from town to town,

many a delightful winter landscape stowed away in the picture-gallery of their memories, to illustrate, it may be, some long yarn hereafter, when they desire to prove themselves good company, in the kitchen of the way-side inn at night, whilst a blazing red fire of sea-coal burns in the ample grate, and lights up, with a ruddy glare, the black jaws of the vast and open chimney, out of whose top one can see the stars as he sits comfortably ensconced in the cozy nook below.

Sometimes, although well acquainted with the country roads and bye paths, they get bewildered by the perpetual presence of the blinding snow, especially

it. It is like wandering amidst the white ruins of some strange world; and, familiar as the scenery may be, it is now full of bold surprises, grotesque forms, and strange pictures; and when the night comes, and the moon rises, it stretches out before them like an enchantment, and the air is populous with bats and owls, and wild unearthly sounds, and cries coming from afar.

They have our sympathy, these sturdy fellows, whom night has overtaken, but we are sure that they will come out as jolly as ever when the storm is past. We are not so confident in regard to dumb animals under similar circumstances; for whatever their in-



THE GUIDE-BOARD.—KNESING

when the green leaves are withered and gone, and nothing is left of the forest and wayside trees but their skeletons, robed in white raiments of snow, and tossing their crooked and fantastic limbs into the blue atmosphere, like ghosts of some strange, solemn old universe—even these sturdy tramps, with no scrip in their purses, often with not a crust in their wallets, manage to have a good time on the road, and to laugh at the cold weather. There are few professional tramps in this country, but in Europe they are common enough; and the high-roads are their ancestral estate, out of which they derive their daily revenues, through the charity of well to do travelers.

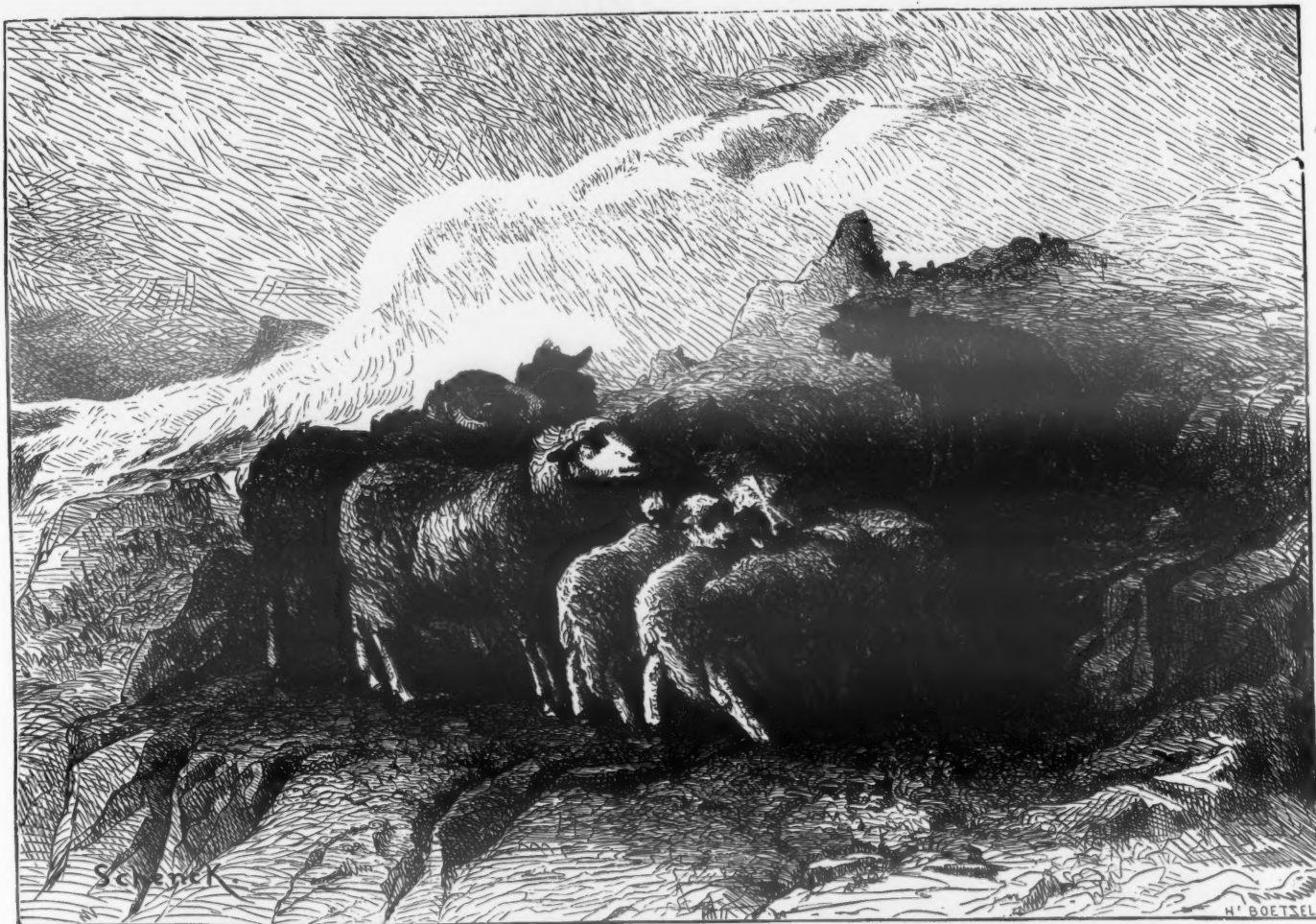
Light-hearted vagabonds, used to all weathers, they take lovingly to hail, rain, frost or snow, and have

in the forest, or along its skirts, and so lose their way, and have to bivouac all night in the open air, watched by the pitiless stars, and, wrapped in a blanket of snow, to keep out the frost and cold. Our illustration, the "Guide-Board," represents three tramps, who have lost their way, and have come, unexpectedly, to a guide-board, the inscription upon which is covered with frozen snow, and is, moreover, out of their reach. But they must learn what the inscription is. They are very tired, we can see, and one of them has set down his knapsack, his bag, and an old stump of an umbrella, whilst he mounts upon the back of a sturdy comrade, and clears the icy mask from the board which contains the information they so eagerly covet. The snow lies deep in the forest, and the trees are white with

stinct may be on ordinary occasions, it is no match now for the reason of man. Sheep are especially liable to be lost in winter, and the hardest part of a shepherd's life is to find them. His dog is often more successful than himself. Indeed, a good shepherd's dog does not wait for his master, when sheep are missing, but sets off after them himself.

"Over the hills and far away."

We have, in Schenck's picture, "After the Storm," a little flock of sheep, which a dog has succeeded in finding and keeping together. It is a bit of wild life, which may be often seen among the hills of Scotland, or the north of England—and there is, perhaps, no painter alive who has studied to such good result, this class of subjects as Mr. Schenck. To look at a



AFTER THE STORM.—SCHENCK.



CHRISTMAS VISITORS.—GUIDO HAMMER.

flock of sheep, the casual eye will discern no individuality in them; and yet there never were two sheep alike, any more than there were ever two human faces alike. There is character and bold portraiture in every one of this artist's animals. What can be better than this old patriarch of a ram, with his crumpled horns close lying to his side face; or the ewe and her lambs, whether in *pose*, grouping, or naturalness?

One of the prettiest sights in winter is such a scene as Guido Hammer has depicted for us in his "Christmas Visitors." The stags at the park gate have come up from the snowy open copses, where the grass is scarce, hoping, no doubt, to get a measure of corn in the troughs, which are mostly placed near the Lodge, in winter, for the convenience of the keepers. They are very tame, and so human with their beautiful bright eyes, that we wonder any body can have the heart to kill them. We sympathize with the feeling which prompted the famous soliloquy of *Jacques*, and recall many exquisite passages in the poets, of which deer are the theme. The most pathetic touch in Cowper is where he compares himself to a stricken deer who has left the herd, with its panting sides transfixed with arrows.

Winter awakens more and profounder emotions, we think, than any other season. What can be more impressive than a wide landscape covered with snow on a winter morning? Far as the eye can reach everything is clothed in white. The snow lies untrodden for miles, or is only trodden by the light foot of the hare. The crystalline clearness of the air, which we can compare to nothing but the light of a diamond; the serenity, the ineffable peace, which broods like a Spirit over all—we have no words with which to ex-

like ourselves, not our rough outside brethren, the tramps, nor our poor dumb servants, "ourie cattle and silly sheep," as Burns calls them. The nights

the moon rising, we would read the serious poets, Herbert, Vaughan, and the rest, and meditate upon mortality—upon the dead, who sleep so quietly in the church-yard, and the living, who will soon make their bed with them.

We have regarded winter, so far, from the vantage ground of civilization, and have, consequently, overlooked its wildest aspects. These are not to be seen by merely looking out of our windows: they must be sought in the woods hundreds of miles away. Poets and romancers have cast a glamor over forest life, but they have wisely confined themselves to its summer side. Put them, in winter, in the place of the noble savage, and they would soon change their tune. He has ceased to be the free and careless child of nature whom they love to depict, and has become a hungry and desperate creature, whose life depends upon his powers of endurance. He roams through the woods in his snow shoes, in pursuit of deer. He may travel all day and not see the print of a foot, and when he does see one, it is as likely to be the print of a bear as of a deer. He has only to overtake the deer, if he can, and kill it with his long spear: he must fight the bear if he meets him, for the bear, like himself, is a hunter, and a very dangerous one. If he kills a deer, a bear may insist upon sharing it with him before he can drag it to his lodge, and if he is overtaken by night on the way, the wolves may insist upon sharing both

the deer and himself. It is a grim prospect—even to a savage.

There is an imaginative side to the savage, as Schoolcraft has shown in his "Alcic Researches," a collection of stories, which the North American Indians are in the habit of telling around their lodge-fires on the winter nights. They deal with the great



GOD'S ACRE.

of winter were made to read in, and think in. We should keep our best books and our best thoughts until they come. Were it given us to have, as it is to choose, we would have, for our winter nights, an old home in the country, with a church and a graveyard near it. The house might be what it would, so it was warm and cozy, but the church should have a



MOOSE HUNTING.

press this loveliness. "The bridal of the earth and sky" is not a spring day, as Herbert would have us believe: it is a winter morning.

But we must not forget the winter night, which is best of all. We mean all who are comfortably housed,

porch, and arched windows, and a tower surmounted by a spire. There should not be too many stones in its "God's Acre," and they should be old, very old. With this in sight of our study windows, a clear night outside, the sky fleeced with silvery clouds, and

facts of Nature, which are clothed in familiar imagery. Winter, for example, is a huge bear, whose fur is the snow. The Laplanders share this belief, and sing

"Dreadful is the fur
Of the great White Bear."



GOOD BYE, SWEETHEART.

CHRISTMAS TREES.

We are all familiar with the conventional Christmas trees, the evergreens covered with toys, and splendid with wax candles, icicles of glass, and balls of glittering metal. Such are hallowed by our memories of childhood, of parents' love, and of friends perhaps no more. Many of us, too, are more or less acquainted with the sombre pines, firs or spruces, which we adapt to our winter decorations; but few are aware how beautiful they appear in their forest homes.

To be sure, in summer we cannot but note the contrast between the lively greens of the deciduous trees, with their light and delicate spray, and the darker masses of the coniferous foliage. While ordinary trees, such as the elm, the maple, and the oak, allow their principal stems to dissolve, as it were, into branches; the great pine family, as a rule, subordinate the limbs to the main trunk, and assume a pyramidal form. By this habit, and their peculiar fructification, we can always distinguish them, varied as their different forms may be; but it is in winter that they are most noticeable when they form the only green ornaments which nature retains in her costume. They seem to be given us, in order that we may preserve our faith in the coming summer; and that we may not become totally disheartened by the storms of winter and isolation.

It well repays one, after a snow-storm, to wander in the woods. It is there that the evergreens may be seen in their perfection. To the admiring eyes of waking childhood, the highly ornamental Christmas tree cannot be more beautiful. The skeletons of the maples, beeches, and chestnuts, now seem mournful enough; the more so, perhaps, from the fact that they still retain within their trembling grasp a handful of their summer leaves. But now is the holiday of the evergreens. They wade knee-deep in snow; they catch it as it falls, and weave of it most wonderful coronets and garlands. If we shake hands with some familiar pine, the crystallized holy water falls upon us like a blessing. And how tasteful is the costume of these trees! Here is one, radiant with diamonds, defying the imitation of man; while another, near by, is clothed in bridal purity. As the cool breezes rock them to and fro, they join in a gladsome snow-ball frolic, and pelt each other playfully with the woolly whiteness. Their outline is distinct against the clear blue sky, which, with their concentration of foliage, gives them a certain aspect of majesty.

The pines, with their feathery foliage; the stately hemlocks, with their delicate tracery of leaves; the sombre junipers, and the *arbor-vitæ*, all present different forms of beauty, but there are other, humbler plants, used in our Christmas decorations, upon which it will be polite to call. We will meet the red berry-clusters of the *ilex*, looking very precious, where all else seems dark; the caressing "Creeping Jenny" (a kind of *Lycopodium*), and the mountain-laurel. In place of the snowy masses with which the latter beautifies the month of June, are equally lovely bunches of snow-flowers, the souls of the departed still lingering about their earthly homes. We will find the "prince's pine" still retaining its glossy leaves, and perhaps here and there may gather the red hips of the rose. But all these smaller plants be-



THE ORNAMENTAL.—DEIKER.

long to the summer months, and at this season cannot compare with the knightly evergreens—who, all too quickly, wave us their courteous adieu.

—W. W. Bailey.

AT REST.

"WHEN Greek meets Greek," you know," he sadly said,
"Then comes the tug of war." I deem him great,
And own him wise and good. Yet adverse fate
Hath made us enemies. If I were dead,
And buried deep with grave-mold on my head,
I still believe that, came he soon or late,
Where I was lying in my last estate,
My dust would quiver at his lightest tread!"
The slow years passed; and one fair summer night,
When the lone sun was reddening all the west,
I saw two grave-mounds, where the grass was bright,
Lying so near each other that the crest
Of the same wave touched each with amber light.
But ah, dear hearts! how undisturbed their rest!

—Julia C. R. Dorr.

EDUCATION OF DOGS.

If I had my choice between educating a dull boy and a smart dog, I would choose the dog without hesitation. I should not expect as much from a canine pupil as from a human one, which would be a point in his favor; and if I failed to teach him, as I might, I should know it was as much my fault as his. If he learned nothing from me, I should learn something from him, and I am not above learning from a dog. Can your philosopher say as much? Mr. Darwin might, considering the years of study that he has devoted to his Simian ancestor, but he would not have many of his fellows with him. The average philosopher dogmatizes, and dogmatism, as we all know, is only puppyism full grown. I wish I had

been the first to say that; but a clever dog was before me.

The cleverest dog of whom I ever remember to have heard, was known, or rather his story was, to Sir Walter Scott, who, by the way, was greatly attached to dogs. Here is what the great novelist has to say of him, and his master, and his master's man—a trio of rogues, of whom the last two were brought to trial, in 1773: "Murdison and Miller were a sheep-farmer and his shepherd, who, having settled in the vale of Tweed, commenced and carried on an extensive system of devastation on the flocks of their neighbors. A dog belonging to Miller was so well trained that he had only to show him during the day the parcel of sheep which he desired to have, and when dismissed at night for the purpose, Yarrow—such was the dog's name—went right to the pasture where the flock had fed and carried

off the quantity shown him. He then drove them before him, by the most secret paths, to Murdison's farm, where the dishonest master and servant were in readiness to receive the booty. Two things were remarkable: in the first place, that if the dog when thus dishonestly employed, actually met his master, he observed great caution in recognizing him, as if he had been afraid of bringing him under suspicion; secondly, that he showed a distinct sense that the illegal transactions in which he was engaged were not of a nature to endure daylight. The sheep which he was directed to drive were often reluctant to leave their own pastures, and sometimes, rivers and other obstacles intervening, their passage was made peculiarly difficult. On such occasions Yarrow continued his efforts to drive his plunder forward until the day began to dawn—a signal which he conceived rendered it necessary for him to desert his spoil, and slink homeward by a circuitous road."

The master of this sagacious dog was hanged, but the dog survived, and was wise enough not to remember—at any rate not to practice—what he had been taught. "That day he stole no more." I wish this was the only recorded case of perverted education on the part of the dog, but there are others. "Another instance of similar sagacity," continues Sir Walter Scott, "was discovered by a friend of mine in a beautiful little spaniel, which he had purchased from a dealer in the canine race. When he entered a shop he was not long in observing that his little companion made it a rule to follow at some interval, and to estrange itself from his master, so much as to appear totally unconnected with him. And when he left the shop it was the dog's custom to remain behind him till it could find an opportunity of seizing a pair of gloves, or silk stockings, or some similar property, which it brought to its master. The poor little thing probably saved its life by falling into the hands of an honest man." The mis-education of these dogs must have taken much time—it was so perfect.

The education of dogs, like the education of children, is divided into two branches, the useful and the ornamental, and the latter is the more generally taught. For one dog that is useful there are ten that are ornamental, and hundreds not to say thousands, that are neither. An ornamental dog is a pretty piece of furniture. He amuses the ladies; he is a nice plaything for the children; and if his master wants his bootjack or slippers when he comes home at night, or wants to surprise his guests when he gives a dinner, he is a good thing to have in the house. Dogs can be taught to find articles which have

been hidden, to play tricks with cards and coins, and even to drink wine. They can be taught to run on errands, and trusty messengers they are, too. There is, or was, a dog in Lancashire, who used to go for the milk of the family that owned him. When it was wanted, the money to pay for it was put inside of a tin can, and off he started with it to the dairy. If the door was shut when he reached it, he knocked on it with his paw, or barked until it was opened. When he was served he took up the can and trotted back with it, and so steadily did he carry it that he was never known to spill a drop of the milk! There is an authenticated account of an old Newfoundland dog who was taught to carry a lantern before his master at night, to stop short when his master made a stop, and to go on when he saw him disposed to follow. If his master was absent from home in the evening, the lantern would be fixed in his mouth, and the command given, "Go, and fetch thy master,"

when he would start out and proceed at once to the town of Harbor Grace, in which his master was a magistrate, and which was more than a mile from his house. He would stop at every house which he knew his master was in the habit of frequenting, and laying down the lantern, would knock or growl until he was admitted; if the object of his search was not within he would proceed further, in the same manner, until he found him. If he had accompanied him only once into a house, this was sufficient to induce him to take that house in his nightly round.

Educated dogs have assisted in educating children by seeing them safely to school, and have done post-man's duty by the delivery of letters. They are capital beggars, and the better sort—the best trained, that is—beg for money, and not for food. They

passed by a canny Scotch cur, who was observed on one occasion, a Sunday, to fetch a loaf from the baker's when he was not known to have any money. This circumstance led the family to suspect that he had a hoard somewhere, and his master commanded a servant to search the room in which the dog was located, while he himself accompanied her to see that it was done. Dandie followed, and looked on with an unconcerned air, until she approached his bed which stood in the room, when a marked change came over him. He tried to draw her back, but his master held him aside, though with difficulty on account of his struggles. The search continuing, the girl found in a corner, under the bed, sevenpence half-penny hidden under a piece of cloth! Dandie was disgusted and offended, so much so, that he could

never more endure the servant. He soon found another hiding place, however, this Elwees of a dog—and this time it was out of the house, in a saw-pit, where, I hope, he was allowed to gloat over his treasure unmolested.

The German artist, Deiker, presents us with two specimens of the kind of dogs I am gossiping about. The first, a smart-looking, rough-haired Scotch or Skye terrier, may be said to be an ornamental dog. He will hold a piece of bread or raw steak upon the top of his black snout until you give him the word of command to chuck it up, catch it, and eat it. He has been trained to all sorts of tricks, and his value consists in his talent for these displays. Not that he is worthless for anything else. On the contrary he is a glorious rat worrier and killer of all sorts of vermin, and is good at the rabbit warren, where he will watch at the



THE USEFUL.—DEIKER.

know the value of money, and what they want for it as well as their masters do. "There is," says a late canine authority, "a large black and white Newfoundland dog, belonging to one of the hotels on the port at Boulogne, and as you walk along the Quay, he will come up to you, and thrusting his nose into your hand, ask you as plain as he can, in dog language, to give him a sou; if he succeeds in obtaining one, he carries it in his mouth to the bar-maid, and follows her about, wagging his tail, till he makes her understand that he wishes to buy a biscuit. As soon as she fetches him one, he drops the copper at her feet, and returns to you before he eats the biscuit, to show you that he has made a proper use of your money. As the port is a favorite walk, he gets a good many biscuits in the course of the day. He does not forget those who have once befriended him, and he takes good care that they shall not forget him." The sagacity of this French dog was sur-

holes, and budge not, until some luckless rabbit, hard pressed in his subterranean streets by the red-eyed, supple, and merciless ferret, hoping to escape into the regions of the upper air, and get away safely to the woods, rushes pell-mell out of the mouth of his burrow into the dog's mouth, and is instantly grabbed, shaken, and killed by his canine enemy. Deiker's second illustration is of a dog belonging to the useful class. He is a noble retriever, whose very nature it is to fetch and carry, and who has been educated at the words "Seek dead!" to bring in the game shot by his master, whether on land or water. Most Newfoundland dogs will retrieve, and both setters and pointers may be trained to do it. The training of dogs requires patience as well as time, for they are apt, at first, to be drawn from the game by any small creature that may present itself, and are also liable to bite the game too hard so as to injure it.

—Henry Richards.

THE DEATH CHASE.

If the wolf is the parent stock of the dog, as some believe, the transformation is marvelous. How it could have been effected, if it ever was effected, passes comprehension. The wolf bears, it is true, a resemblance to the dog, but it is a superficial one, and only extends to its shape. It is leaner and more gaunt in appearance than the dog, and there is a sinister and wicked expression in its oblique eyes, which the word "wolfish" alone describes. It does not attack man, we are told, unless rendered fearless by hunger, but we would not advise any one to trust himself in the company of a wolf with even a moderate appetite. Cowardly but powerful, wolves hunt in packs, and the victims which they prefer are, of course, those that are less powerful than themselves. They can run down the fleetest deer, and tire out the swiftest horse. In the far West, they follow on the trail of the buffalo, and pick off the sick and straggling members of the drove. Their greatest ravages are committed among sheep, the keeping of which ranks with the impossibilities in thinly settled and thickly wooded regions. They recede before man, but only when he is strong enough to exterminate them.

The most tragic wolf story that we ever read is related by the author of "The Englishwoman in Russia," who, on one occasion, was in danger, herself, of being devoured by an enormous she wolf.

"A dreadful anecdote was told me," she says, "of a peasant woman and her children, who were crossing the forest that stretched for many miles between her isba and the neighboring village. They were in one of those small country sledges, in shape something like a boat, drawn by a single horse. Suddenly they heard a rustling sound among the trees; it was but faint at first, but it rapidly approached; the instinct of the affrighted steed told him that danger was near at hand, he rushed on with redoubled speed. Presently the short yelp of a wolf aroused the mother, who started up and gazed around; to her terror she beheld a mighty pack of wolves sweeping across the frozen snow, in full cry upon their traces. She seized the whip, and endeavored by repeated blows to urge on the fear-stricken horse to even greater swiftness. The poor animal needed



THE DEATH CHASE.

no incentive to hasten his steps, but his force was well-nigh spent; his convulsive gasping showed how painfully his utmost energies were exerted.

ror-stricken peasant. 'Yes, all!' was the reply. The words had scarcely escaped from the white lips of the miserable mother, when the man laid her dead at his

'But courage! there is hope! the village is in sight! far off, it is true, but we shall gain it yet!' So thought the unhappy mother as she cast a look of horror on the hungry, savage beasts that were following in the rear, and saw that they were rapidly gaining upon her. Now they are near enough for her to see their open mouths and hanging tongues, their fiery eyes and bristling hair, as they rush on with unrelenting speed, turning neither to the right nor to the left, but steadily pursuing their horrible chase. At last they came near enough for their eager breathing to be heard, and the foremost was within a few yards of the sledge; the overspent horse flagged in his speed; all hope seemed lost, when the wretched woman, frantic with despair, caught up one of her three children and threw him into the midst of the pack, trusting by this means to gain a little time by which the others might be saved. He was devoured in an instant; and the famished wolves, whose appetite it had only served to whet, again rushed after the retreating family. The second and the third infant were sacrificed in the same dreadful manner; but now the village was gained. A peasant came out of an isba, at the sight of whom the wolves fell back. The almost insensible woman threw herself out of the sledge, and, when she could find sufficient strength to speak, she related the fearful danger in which she had been, and the horrible means she employed to escape from it. 'And did you throw them all to the wolves, even the little baby you held in your arms?' exclaimed the hor-

feet with a single blow of the axe with which he was cleaving wood when she arrived. He was arrested for the murder, and the case was decided by the emperor, who pardoned him, wisely making allowance for his agitation and the sudden impulse with which horror and indignation at the unnatural act had inspired him."

The French army in its disastrous retreat from Russia was perpetually harrassed by wolves. They prowled around the artillery in the gloomy forests, they followed the infantry over the interminable plains, and woe to the wretch who straggled behind his comrades! He was at once torn to pieces.



THE ADVANCE IN WINTER.

HOME AND EXILE.

"Breathes there a man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand?"

THE love of fatherland, of home, is one of the most powerful feelings of which the human mind is capable. From earliest times, poets have sung of it, and in all ages and all countries men, swayed by its mighty influence, have risen at the bugle-note of alarm, and armed themselves in defense of their most precious treasure, their country and their fireside! It is a feeling born with the child, an instinct as it were, which grows with him and rules him to the day of his death. Who is there that can repress a feeling of pride and joyous recognition, when, far from home in a foreign land, the familiar colors of his national banner meet his eyes? He knows that, where that cherished emblem flies from the mast-head or floats from the window, there he will hear his native tongue, and find himself among friends.

We well remember a noble son of the West, who, during his residence abroad, as our representative at a foreign court, loved to stand under the Stars and Stripes, which were gracefully draped over the door of his library, and, with beaming eyes and proud bearing, exclaim: "Though far from my country, I still stand on American soil!" In a foreign land he was not an exile, for the protecting folds of his national flag were around him, and his country reached forth her hands, recognizing him as her son.

No one who goes, of his own free will, to

"Travel among unknown men
In lands beyond the sea,"

can be called an exile. He may wander in pursuit of wealth, pleasure or health, but if his heart-strings draw him home, his native land stands open to him, and go whither he will, sooner or later, he looks longingly towards the scenes of his childhood, and always cherishes the resolution to end his days in his early home. A well-known American, who has lived many years in Italy, once said: "I am well content here, while my strength lasts and I can do my work; but, when I am old and dying, I must go back to Vermont!" Death sometimes surprises these wanderers, and they are compelled to close their eyes under a foreign sky, but who shall deny that, in the last moment, fond recollections of home are not thick about them?

Love of home is much keener in those who have been born and bred in the country than among the people of great cities. Cities are very much alike; and, be it New York, London or Paris, there are the same long rows of high buildings, the same noise, dust and endless confusion. But each country in its natural freshness and beauty possesses its own individual characteristics. One may look in vain through France and Germany for the groups of stately elms which are the glory and pride of New England, and the domestic life, following the character of the people, with little or no outside influence, takes a different form of development in every nation. It is a curious fact that even the disagree-



• • • Ye limpid springs and floods,
Ye downy meads, ye vales and mazy woods!
Ye limpid floods, that ever murmuring flow!
Ye verdant meads, where flowers eternal blow!

Ye shady vales, where zephyrs ever play!
Ye woods, where little warblers tune their lay!
Here grant me, Heav'n, to end my peaceful days.

— BROOKS.



Then fare thee well, my country, lov'd and lost!
Too early lost, alas! when once so dear;

I turn in sorrow from thy glorious coast,
And urge the feet forbid to linger here. — GRIFIN.

able elements of early association are dear to us, and we are unwilling to exchange them for those infinitely better. What German peasant does not at first turn away from a trim American cottage, with its white paint and green blinds and snug door-yard, to long for the dingy prison-like structure of wood and plaster, with its untidy surroundings and general confusion of pigs and chickens? There is a simplicity, a keen enjoying of all the minutia of life found in the home of a German peasant, which one feels the absence of in the more orderly home of the American farmer. This may be attributable to the utter lack of ambition among the lower classes in Germany. Peasants they are and peasants they remain, and rich or poor, they make the most of all the simple enjoyments which come to their hands; while the son of the poorest American wood-chopper is born with his eyes on the White House, and if he is smart he stands quite as good a chance of reaching it as any other of his young fellow-countrymen. Where ambition enters, contentment goes out at the other door, and where shall one look for a native American boy without ambition?

With a love as strong, as the German or French countryman regards the comfortless home of his youth, does the New Englander cling to the dreary, rocky pastures and blinding Eastern storms, so closely associated with childhood. During the long nights when the Eastern wind and rain beat against the farm-house, as if they would unsettle its foundations, the child nestling in its little bed within, conjures up visions and pictures in its little brain, which glow there through life. Many a wanderer, home-sick, and far from the rugged scenes of his early days, has read with moistened eyes those glowing words of Longfellow:

"Welcome, O wind of the East, from the
caves of the misty Atlantic!
Blowing o'er fields of dulse, and measure-
less meadows of sea-grass,
Blowing o'er rocky wastes, and the grottoes
and gardens of ocean!
Lay thy cold, moist hand on my burning
forehead, and wrap me
Close in thy garments of mist, to allay the
fever within me!"

One of the most touching incidents of captivity in a foreign land is that of the Jews of old, when Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon, came against Jerusalem, and after a tedious siege captured the city and took all its inhabitants prisoners. "So Judah was carried away out of their land." Their sufferings and longings for home are told in beautiful Hebrew poetry which has touched the heart of many an exile, in more modern times. "By the streams of Babylon, there we sat, and wept, when we remembered Zion. On willows in her midst, we hanged our harps. For there demanded of us our captors, words of song, and our oppressors, mirth; sing to us of the songs of Zion. How shall we sing Jehovah's song, on an alien soil? If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget! Let my tongue cleave to my palate, if I do not remember thee; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy!"

The allusions to the weeping willows is particularly touching, as in one of the great Jewish feasts, that commemorative of the gathered harvest, "willows of the brook"

were borne in procession, as part of the joyful pageant. With the return of this season of festivity, the Jewish exiles realized their homeless condition with greater intensity, and hanging their silent harps, "which once with joy they strung," mournfully upon the willows, they wept and prayed silently for deliverance.

In all countries, except our own land, exile as a punishment for political offenses has given rise to many pathetic histories. Who has not been saddened by stories of the lonely exiles in Siberia—that dreary, frosty land, where many an unfortunate man pines his life away?

Poor Dante, wandering, as he himself says, "like a vessel without sails and without steerage, carried about to divers ports, and roads, and shores," presents one of the saddest spectacles of history. Always longing for Florence, which, he says, "cast me forth out of her sweet bosom, in which I had my birth and nourishment, even to the ripeness of my age; and in which, with her good will, I desire, with all my heart, to rest this wearied spirit of mine, and to terminate the time allotted to me on earth;"—after twenty years' weary wandering, he died at Ravenna, of a broken heart. Useless now to build monuments to his memory, and cherish every relic of him in his native city! He died in exile, and has found, let us hope, a fairer than native land, where all the glorious visions of his paradise are fulfilled.

Even at the present time there are many eminent men against whom their native country is closed; but, while some are living alone and in poverty, and others among friends and in comfort, they all cherish one sentiment in common—love of home and native land.

THIEVISH ANIMALS.

REYNARD is acknowledged to be the king of thieves. His renown as a free-booter is ancient and universal. Proverbs and fables point many a moral with his name; and poets have celebrated his cunning, trickery, mischievousness, and refinement of skill. Scarcely another animal can boast of equal notoriety. The object of such attention and admiration must be a very extraordinary character; and Reynard is certainly entitled to this distinction. He compels respect by his wonderful mental qualities and the astonishing development of his physical powers. At the same time, he never makes friends with the human race. "You are my enemy, and I am yours," say fox and man to each other. A sharp rivalry may be said to exist between them; and it would be difficult to decide which has oftenest the upper hand in the struggle. In spite of his antagonist's superior intelligence, and all his deadly engineering of arms, and his allies the horse and hound, master Reynard holds his own and flourishes.

He understands to perfection one of the great maxims of warfare, and always manages to subsist on the enemy. A more daring and successful raider the world has never seen.

Reynard is, unquestionably, the most accomplished vagabond in existence. His family is spread over the

under the cover of darkness; but naturalists affirm that this is done only for greater security, and that he really prefers to hunt by daylight, when the coast is clear of enemies. Cunning and dissimulation are a second nature to him. If observed when out on one of his raids, he looks and acts as if he were the most simple-minded and innocent animal in the world, and you would think he wouldn't hurt a mouse; but woe to any eatable creature that comes in his way! He literally spares nothing, from a young deer down to a June-bug; and when hard pressed by hunger, he devours ants, bees, flies, snails, etc. Like the bear, he is fond of a vegetable diet, now and then, and likes nothing better than a raid in a vineyard, or a well-stocked garden, when melons are ripe and luscious.

Bold as well as cunning, Reynard frequently invades a farm-yard in broad daylight, and runs off with a fat goose or other prey, under the very eyes of the astonished owner. Even when hard pressed by his pursuers, he will relinquish his booty only to save his life. We read of a fox, surrounded by the huntsmen and slightly wounded, that suddenly seized a hare by the throat, made a dash for the weakest part of the cordon of foes, broke through, and escaped with his prey, though a dozen rifle shots whistled about his ears, and the hounds were close on his track.

In danger, Reynard exhibits the utmost courage and coolness, and never loses presence of mind. A naturalist relates that he once wounded a fox in the fore leg. The creature started off on a swift run, but finding that the wounded limb, which he held up, kept hitting him in the face, he deliberately stopped, bit it off at the wound, and then made good his escape, though closely pursued by a swift hound.

In family life, Master Reynard shows himself a model of affection and solicitude. From six to nine young are brought forth at a birth, and the mother fox remains at home with her offspring for several weeks, during which time

Reynard keeps her amply supplied with all the delicacies of the season. When about a month old, the young foxes make their first appearance near the mouth of their subterranean home, into which they scurry back on the slightest alarm. Both parents provide them with live prey—small birds, mice, and frogs; and the mother instructs her offspring in the art of catching, tormenting, and eating them, just as cats teach their kittens. At the age of six or eight weeks, the young foxes accompany their parents upon their hunting excursions, and even venture out alone in the twilight to pick up a young hare, a mouse, or other prey suited to their strength. They are apt pupils, and very soon learn to shift for themselves.

Very young foxes are easily tamed, and become quite attract-

ive playmates. They never entirely overcome their thievish propensities, however, and the hen-roost is quite as fascinating to a tame fox as to a wild one. Some naturalists intimate, indeed, that Reynard only



PICKING AND CHOOSING.—BECKMANN.



CAUGHT AT LAST.

in thickly settled neighborhoods, where he can plunder at pleasure the well-stocked barn-yards and undefended hen-roosts.

Reynard generally makes his thieving excursions

pretends to be tame and civilized on account of the greater advantage it gives him for the indulgence of his sinful appetite. But this is a human trait, which should not be saddled on our four-footed friend.

More savage than the fox is the wild-cat, which is also found in most countries of Europe and America.

It is much larger and stronger than the domestic cat, from which it differs widely in many other particulars. Its body is thicker, and its tail shorter and stouter. It has fuller whiskers, a much heavier and thicker coat of fur, a wild, savage look, and a fearful power in the jaws. It often grows to the length of two and a half feet, attains a height of fourteen to sixteen inches, and weighs from fifteen to eighteen pounds. It is unsocial in its habits, living either alone or, at most, in pairs, and defends its hunting ground with great ferocity against all intruders of its own species. Night is its favorite season of activity. A skillful climber, it ascends the largest trees with the greatest ease, and if it does not find a hollow convenient to its use, stretches itself out upon a branch, where it remains without stirring all day. With the twilight, it rouses up and goes forth upon its hunting excursions. With the slyness common to its kind, it surprises birds on their nests, unwary hares loitering about their covert, and invades the squirrels' snug retreat. In general, the wild-cat contents itself with small game, and appears to be principally fond of mice and little birds; but frequently it kills young deer, and is not averse to the delicacies of game-preserves. Such is its thirst for blood, that it will kill many more creatures than it can devour; and once in a pheasant-preserve will not leave a single bird alive, if undisturbed. European gamekeepers regard it as their greatest enemy on this account, and slaughter it without mercy whenever they have the chance. The fact that it rids the woods of an immense number of mice every season does not lessen their hatred.

Wild cats are untamable. Lenz tells of a man who once found and brought home a whole litter of them, with their eyes just open. They were cunning little savages, but they resisted stoutly every attempt to make them feel content in their new quarters. They clawed and bit furiously whenever one tried to fondle them, refused to take food or drink, and, in a few days, worried and fretted themselves to death.

A few years ago, a Western school-teacher who remained at his desk one afternoon, after the scholars had gone, saw a large wild-cat enter the room and take refuge under a bench. He closed the door and windows, and undertook to capture the beast. That

night he didn't appear at his lodgings, and when his anxious neighbors reached the school-house next morning, the unfortunate man was found kneeling on the body of the dead cat, his hands grasping her by the neck and hind legs. His person and the room gave evidence of a terrible struggle. The floor

it into the trainer's hands, when it receives a reward in the shape of a dainty morsel. Having become proficient in the preliminary instructions, the otter is tested by living fish, thrown into the water before its eyes. The animal is then taken to the water-side, where its training is finished, and it learns to pursue its finny prey in its native element.

When in pursuit of fish, the otter is exceedingly graceful in its motions. It glides through the water with consummate ease and swiftness, bending its pliant body with such rapid undulations that even the quick and wary fish are worsted in their own art, and fall easy victims to the otter's superior powers. So easily it glides into the water that it makes no sound, and hardly a ripple, and when it emerges, to lay its prey at its owner's feet, it withdraws its body with the same noiseless ease and grace.

The otter is hunted with hounds, for sport, in the north of England. It is brave and cunning, and makes a hard fight for life. Our readers may re-

member a spirited engraving from one of Landseer's paintings, representing the dying struggles of one of these poor creatures—a picture which called forth Ruskin's protest against the great artist's pandering to the average Englishman's delight in shedding the blood of harmless animals.

A STREET SCENE IN CAIRO.

TO SEE a street scene in Cairo, one should see it in the Turkish quarter of the city, which still retains the old Saracenic architecture of the times of the Caliphs. The houses here are generally three stories in height; each story projecting over the other; and the plain stone walls, if not white-washed, are striped with horizontal red bars. The upper windows are inclosed with wooden balconies, behind which the wives of the Cairen merchants sit unseen, and watch the crowds as they pass to and from in the bazars below. The only way to see Cairo thoroughly, is by means of what a recent traveler calls its "long-eared cabs." They are so small, these donkeys, that the feet of the rider nearly touches the ground. There is no use in attempting to guide them; they won't be guided. The

driver shouts behind, and away you go into the crowd. "You dodge your head under a camel-load of planks; your leg brushes the wheel of a dust-cart; you strike a fat Turk plump in the back; you miraculously escape upsetting a fruit-stand; you scatter a crowd of spectral, white-masked women, and at last reach some more quiet street, with the sensation of a man who has stormed a battery."



AT HOME.

was strewn with shreds of clothing, tufts of hair, and spotted with blood; the benches were broken; the poor man's body was nearly stripped of clothing, and his face and hands were terribly torn and mangled. He ultimately recovered, and afterwards firmly maintained that cats had at least nine lives, and most uncommonly tough ones, too. It may be accepted as a rule that it is safe to let wild cats alone.

The last of our illustrations of thievish animals represents that graceful creature the otter, bringing a meal of fish to its young. Otters are famous for their



THE FISHERMAN'S FAMILY.

skill in catching fish; and in some parts of the world they are tamed and trained to fish for their masters. The manner in which they are taught in India is very curious and interesting. The creature is taken very young, and by degrees weaned from its usual fish diet, and accustomed to live wholly on bread and milk. The young otter meanwhile is taught to play with a leather caricature of a fish, to catch it and put

PLEASURE-SEEKING.

WHAT is pleasure, anyway? No distinct quality in itself, but the condition best suited to the tastes and

habits of each separate person. Blessed is he whose quiet desires extend no farther than his own fireside. What an immense number of mishaps of all kinds might be avoided, if people were content to stay at home, and not go driving round the world in pursuit of that of which they too often find the opposite. One cannot restrain a smile at the sight of a crowd of young city fellows, in gorgeous green hunting-suits, with polished rifles, and all sorts of patent fishing-tackle, starting off for a summer excursion, full of anticipation of pleasure to be found in mosquito-haunted woods, and in marshes, where the uninitiated explorer finds himself suddenly sinking, with no hope of touching bottom. They sometimes return, these ambitious amateur sportsmen, cherishing the fallacy that they have indeed found pleasure, and drank its full cup; but, more often, a deep sense of humiliation is experienced, as they glance at the empty game-bag, broken fishing-rods, and rifles rusted with the dew, to say nothing of their own sun-blistered and mosquito-bitten countenances.

Where people are not born to rural life, excursions are very liable to result in a series of unhappy experiences. Look at the unfortunate man in our picture. The obstinate little donkey has planted himself midway in the brook, apparently determined to budge neither backward nor forward until he pleases. He has the best of the situation for once, and no doubt is reflecting upon all the blows which have fallen on his sides, and chuckling over his hour of revenge. The poor sportsman waves aloft his signal of distress, and in the misty distance we see a comrade hastening to his assistance; and, in the end, the little donkey may get the worst of it. But, for the present, his revenge is complete, and the very position of his stubbed little nose is expressive of the greatest satisfaction.

It is much better, after all, to have a donkey "what won't go," than to be run away with, as poor John Gilpin was, when he started out "on pleasure bent," and dismounted, at evening, a much bruised and hungry man. One should always be mindful of the tricks of a strange horse, as Mr. Pickwick was, when he inquired if the animal would "shy." Oh, no; "he wouldn't shy, if he was to meet a vaggin-load of monkeys, with their tails burnt off." But he would run, and he did run, never stopping till he had landed the unlucky Pickwickians in a hedge, and dashed the four-wheeled chaise to a heap of ruins.

One of the most amusing of real picnic parties is

that one in which Coleridge and Wordsworth were principal actors. Mr. Wordsworth had invited a small party of friends, among whom was Coleridge, to pass the day at his country house. A servant-girl

Coleridge undertook to unharness the horse. As he was not so accustomed to this business as he wished his friends to suppose, his first exploit was to drop the shafts with a jerk, when, from the sudden tipping



HERE, CHICK! CHICK!

was sent ahead to open the house, and prepare fresh lettuces from the garden for lunch, and the party undertook to bring the remainder of the provisions with them. The bill of fare was very simple, consisting of a bottle of brandy, a large loaf, and a stout piece of cheese. These, together with the delicious lettuces, were supposed to compose a magnificent philosopher's feast. But, alas, for human hopes! While these poets and dreamers were intent upon

swelled up so much since morning; when the buxom servant-girl came near, and, understanding their consternation, "La, Master," said she, "you should do it like as this;" when, turning the collar round, she slipped it off, and the poor horse was free at once. After this humiliation, they went in to their sumptuous repast, a brown loaf and lettuces, with sparkling spring water. Nobody had thought to bring salt, so the lettuces were eaten without; but the illustrious

party endeavored to satisfy their appetites with intellectual food; and, leaving the minor cares of lunches and horse collars behind them, they were soon in those regions where they were perfectly equal to all the subtle necessities.

In glowing contrast to the adventures of those who seek their pleasure abroad, in places where they know neither the ways nor customs, is the quiet, unalloyed enjoyment of one who stays at home and makes the most of his simple opportunities. We know a New England old maid, who might recognize, as her own portrait, the picture of the contented old lady with her cat and cup of tea. She was born in the little cottage where she still lives. At that time, seventy-five years ago, there were no railroads there, and the country quiet was disturbed only by the daily passing of the stage-coach and of some occasional traveler on horseback, with saddlebags, going down to the city of Boston, some thirty miles away. It was a pleasant old road where the cottage stood, where the grass crept up to the very wheel track, and tall button-woods threw shadows on



SPORT.

the glory of the clouds, a wretched beggar, to whom they had thrown a penny, as they passed him on the road, contrived to abstract the cheese from the back of the gig, and make off with it. They consoled themselves with thoughts of the brandy. But Mr.

the green through the long summer afternoons. In the years that have passed since the old stage-coach rattled by, there have come many strange changes to the old maid's home. Father and mother, sister and brother have been laid under the grass; across the

meadows, in full sight, from her windows, the steam-engine tears along, carrying the increase and manifold multiplication of what once was represented by the lonely horseman with his saddle-bags; extensive factories fill the whole air with the noise of their busy shuttles; a horse-railroad runs all day and all night, only one block away; and, as a last proof of civilization and activity, the postman, with his bundle of letters, passes her door, morning and evening. Every thing has changed, except the little cottage; and, while the old maid lives, that will remain, a refreshing picture of a quiet home. She looks abroad for no enjoyment, not she! To push aside the falling sprays of woodbine, and enter her little door, is like stepping from the age of trade and steam into an Arcadian life. Here she sits in her armchair, covered with some gay-colored chintz, herself dressed in some bright, soft

woolen fabric, for she loves color, this old lady, and sips her tea, and talks to her Maltese cat; and thinks, as is the truth, that no one in the busy world around her is so well-conditioned as she. She is well read on all modern topics, as the carefully selected library, and centre-table covered with the newspapers and periodicals of the day, testify, but she knows the delights of home. Others may seek pleasure abroad in strange places, and write their experiences for her amusement; but, with her cat, her birds, her flowers and her books, she laughs them all to scorn; and so, cheerful to the last, will drop away contentedly to her grave.

At the present time, the habits of society are so much ruled by fashion, that it is considered quite a matter of course, that, when the hot summer days arrive, everybody must start off to find something he does not have at home. And often it is found, too, in the form of all manner of annoyances. Families leave their elegant, comfortable mansions, and go to confine themselves in tiniest attic bedrooms, where the bed and trunk occupy all the space, and the fair one's toilet must be performed by mounting on one or the other of those pieces of furniture. But it is pleasure, of course, for down below, in more civilized regions, there is a gorgeous parlor,

with window niches, shaded by heavy curtains, where courtships may be carried on by moonlight through the summer evening, which may possibly be continued through the coming days of winter. A young

It is a curious fact, that there is scarcely a country town so rural that there are not greater depths of supposed Arcadian felicity beyond. We remember an amusing experience of a lady from one of our large cities. She was spending the summer in what she supposed to be the most rustic of retreats. Calling one day at a friend's house, she was met at the door by a goodly specimen of Hibernia, who, in answer to her inquiry, said: "Sure, she's gone to the country, Mum." "To the country? Why, this is the country." "Oh, and is it, indade, Mum? Do you suppose a lady like her would be after stayin in a hot, crowded place like this, through all the summer?"

Pleasure, anywhere but at home, is the spirit of this fashionable age. Those who live by the sea-side, hunt for it among the mountains. The people of the inland regions believe that it lives by the salt sea-

girl of the period will suffer much discomfort, and call it pleasure while she suffers, if the experience only ends in a marriage-ring; that little hoop so easy for the fair performer to spring into, but from which she cannot escape without disaster.

waves, and go to seek it there. America rushes to Europe, and Europe flies to the East. Round and round they go, these pleasure-seekers—the same spirit driving the one who leaves a comfortable dinner-table, and goes to find a few hours' enjoyment

among the sands and clams of the nearest beach, and the one whose larger resources of time and money allow him to make the journey round the world.

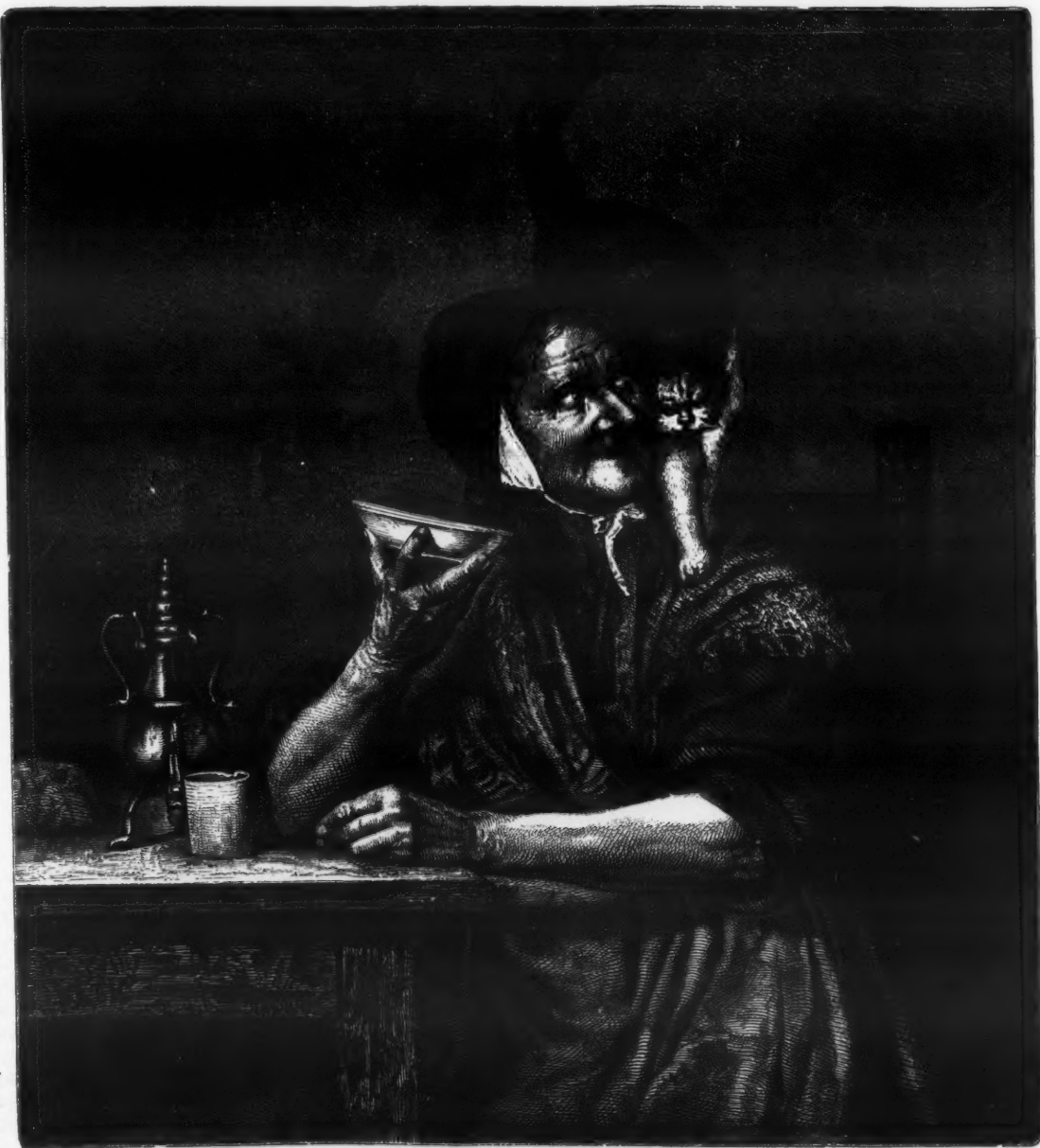
How true to life is the conversation of the crowd "before the city-gate," in Goethe's "Faust." "Why do you go that way?" says one.

Others propose "The Hunters' Lodge," "The Mill," "The River Tavern;" and one good-natured fellow declares: "As goes the crowd, I follow." There are all elements in that crowd, and the philosopher, Faust, himself, ever seeking the phantom of satisfaction, and never reaching it, even when Mephistopheles stood at his elbow.

And we believe that those who rush here and there, in search of pleasure, will return in the end as empty-handed as they went out. One may gain experience, knowledge, culture, much that is valuable, by travel and intercourse with other peoples than one's own. But he who does not carry pleasure and contentment in his own right hand may vainly seek it in all the wide world, and never find it.



THE PETS



ENJOYMENT.

MORNING AND EVENING.

INFINITE, indeed, are the soul-inspiring beauties of early morning, when all nature is awaking to new glory in the light of another day. Every sunrise is a fresh revelation of beauty and grandeur. How all the flowers lift their heads; and birds, and all living creatures, shake off the slumbers of the night, and rouse themselves to greet the God of Day, as he rises over the hills to bless them. We have never wondered that the Mexicans of old worshiped the sun as a divine being. Had they not mingled the horror of a terrible human sacrifice with their religion, it would have been remembered as a bit of pure and exquisite poetry. How beautiful was the ceremony, on the morning of that day of the year specially dedicated to the adoration of the sun. The whole Plaza, in front of the temple, was filled with an expectant crowd; and the priests, arrayed in white robes, stood on the topmost step of the sacred edifice, waiting, with outstretched hands, for the appearance of the great luminary. When he rose over the hills, and threw his long, slanting beams across the land, the priests fell on their knees, emptying a golden cup of wine to his honor, while all the people gave utterance to shouts and songs of praise.

Every morning all nature repeats the action of the ancient Mexicans, the birds, one and all, unite in a glorious triumphal song, and man, unless his taste be perverted by a false manner of life, rises and hastens out to refresh himself with the vigorous morning air. Those who draw their curtains to exclude the light, and slumber on long after the sun is high in the heavens, know nothing of the rosy flush of morning, nor of the joyous utterances of nature which greet the dawning day. But he who, wise betimes, enjoys the beauties ere they are lost in the glare of noon, finds the gold which, according to the old proverb, is in the clasp of the morning hour.

What activity morning brings to the house of the countryman! The cows are lowing to be milked, and turned out to crop the grass before it has lost the dewy sweetness. The chickens are making such a noise, that there is no such thing as sleeping within a mile of the farmyard; and, in the fields, the haycocks must be thrown open to dry in the early sunlight.

In winter, too, when the birds are gone southward, and the farmer finds work indoors, or in the forest, where the sturdy blows of his ax make the whole woods ring, the morning light, on the broad fields of snow, tempts many a one to take a brisk walk across the hard-frozen crust. And, at Christmas time, there are green boughs to be broken off and brought home to deck the hall for the festivities of the evening. Look at the fair maid in our picture. She is cheerily braving the snow, that she may carry home her armful of holly and mistletoe. Her bright, laughing face is a true image of morning, and, although the sun is hid behind clouds, he sparkles from her twinkling eyes. And here she is, in the evening, dressed for the Christmas ball, blushing behind her fan, as she remembers the threatened kiss under the mistletoe. She knew what she was doing when she brought the branches home through the snow, and twined them over the door. There is

method in the pranks of those innocent, jolly girls, especially about Christmas time, when a crowd of handsome cousins are home from college. But who shall chide them? There is only one morning to life;



MORNING.

and its day, when once it is finished, never begins again.

After the noisy advent of Aurora in her triumphal car is over, the day wears on, with its hours of toil, through the glaring noon to the refreshing and restful quiet of the evening. Who does not love the

It is the time of repose for man and beast, when family circles are completed around the fireside. The time, too, when those who long for absent dear ones, feel the yearning and desire more powerful, and are almost crushed by its weight. It is easy to miss the beloved one in all the light and busy hours of the day, but when night comes on, the first night—

"When one sits quite alone!—Then one weeps, then one kneels!
—God! how the house feels."

And how well Byron knew the feeling of the wanderer from home when the evening approached:

"Soft hour! which wakes the wish, and melts the heart
Of those who sail the seas, on the first day
When they from their sweet friends are torn apart."

But twilight and evening are soon lost amid the deeper shades of night, and sleep kills both joy and sorrow. If one can sleep! But how many a poor unfortunate is disturbed by all the evil noises which sometimes combine to make night hideous. Cats! Joyous, playful creatures in the morning, purring and familiar round the evening fireside, at night they seem transformed into very imps of darkness.

"Now puss, while folks are in their beds, treads leads,
And sleepers waking, grumble—'Drat that cat!'
Who in the gutter caterwauls, squalls, mauls
Some feline foe, and screams in shrill ill-will."

Tom Hood had certainly been a personal sufferer, or he never could have composed these extraordinary but truthful lines.

Morning and evening have been the subject of volumes of poetic thoughts, ever since that day when the historic poet of old wrote that "the evening and the morning were the first day." And, as centuries pass away, the splendor and the glory of the movement of the sun appear, more and more, a subject of admiration. Some one once expressed a wish to Daniel Webster, that he had been present at the first sunrise. Webster silenced him with the reply that, every new sunrise was a greater wonder than all which had gone before; and the idea that, for over six thousand years, the sun had kept his course, rising every morning without the variation of the thousandth part of a second from the appointed time, threw a greater glory around the orb of day—a majesty which only centuries could bestow.

The coming of morning and evening is a festival to the "little folk of nature," especially to the birds, whom it awakens to more vivacious life. It is their holiday—the happy hour when they have nothing to do but sing. The lark begins the jubilation of morning, if we may trust the poets, who send her singing to the gate of heaven; and the nightingale closes the choral songs of night. "The nightingale, another of my airy creatures," says old Izaak Walton, "breathes such sweet loud music out of her little instrumental throat, that it might make mankind to think that miracles are not ceased. He that at midnight, when the very laborer sleeps soundly, should hear her, as I have very often, the clear airs, the sweet descants, the natural rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling of her voice, might well be lifted above the earth, and say, 'Lord, what music hast thou provided for the saints in heaven, when thou affordest bad men such music on earth?'"



OUT OF DOORS.

happy star that ushers in night's cooling shade?

"O Hesperus! thou bringest all good things—
Home to the weary, to the hungry cheer,
To the young bird the parent's brooding wings,
The welcome stall to the o'erlabored steer."

THE MARTINMAS GOOSE.

It is a frosty November morning. The hills are still enveloped in a night-cap of gray mist, and all the fields are quiet, as if composing themselves for the long winter sleep.

But about the farm-house everybody is stirring. The farmer, himself, with his long pipe in his mouth, is briskly crossing the yard. He opens a door of one of the sheds, and a noisy crowd rush out—geese, ducks and hens, clamoring loudly for their breakfast. While they are busy picking up the corn thrown to them, the farmer runs his critical eye over the fowls, and suddenly seizes the largest and fattest goose by the neck, and, untouched by its pitiful laments, carries the helpless victim to the house, where the whole family, from the aged grandmother to the curly-headed household pet, are waiting eagerly to receive it. The prospect of roast goose for dinner is certainly not a very unusual occurrence in this comfortable home, but although there might be goose on the table every day in the year, the one specially consecrated to St. Martin would never fail to excite enthusiasm.

The Martinmas goose is the delicacy of the dinner table on the 11th of November, and throughout the whole of Germany the geese are seized and slaughtered for use on that day, as ruthlessly as turkeys are killed for New England Thanksgiving.

To find the origin of this custom, we must look back through legendary literature, where are many stories about the treacherous conduct of geese towards the holy Saint Martin. The 11th of November is Saint Martin's Day; and, according to an old edict, geese are to be specially punished, at that time, by all who respect his memory, which, in Germany, may be called a sentiment common to the whole geese-eating population.

Saint Martin was a priest, and, if we may believe history, a very humble-minded man, who desired to do good in a simple way. But his preaching was so powerful, and his influence so great, that the Church desired to advance her talented son, and, against his wishes, raised him to the rank of a bishop. To escape the honor, Saint Martin ran away, and hid himself in a goose-pen. The geese, being very angry at the intruder, made such a "gickgack" that the fugitive was discovered, and dragged away to be placed in the bishop's chair at Tours. In his rage he cursed the geese for ever and evermore. The story is told in old nursery ballads of Germany, and the picture-books contain many a representation of great carnage among the geese on Saint Martin's Day.

There are always skeptics to disturb one's belief in all the good old stories; and some very proper, truth-telling person is always on hand, to tell the child that it is the North wind, and not Santa Claus, that whistles in the chimney; and that spiders, not fairies, weave those beautiful gossamer webs on the grass in the morning. Therefore it is very natural that there are some people—may they never have roast goose to eat—who declare that Saint Martin was nothing but a fat, ambitious, old man, who was so fond of good living that he used to have geese boxed up and fatted, that he might have the livers for his luncheon. They say, too, that November is the month when geese have the best flavor, and that they get eaten because they are good, and not in honor of the saint.

In the countries of the lower Rhine, the peasants build huge bonfires on Saint Martin's Eve, and dance around them, with great noise of singing and shouting. They have plenty of apples and sausages at the



EVENING.

bonfire, and fastening them to long sticks, cook them by the flames, and believe them to possess virtue to guard them from sickness and misfortune through the winter. When the bonfire is burned out, the ashes are gathered up carefully, and scattered over the fields sown with winter-wheat, as no snails, nor other devouring creatures, dare creep among the ashes of Saint Martin's fires.

and, on Saint Martin's Day, they fill a jar with spring water, which they dance about, singing a song, declaring that the saint is coming to change it into wine. When they go in the evening to look at it,

Mamma has generally been there before them, and they are delighted to find their anticipations realized.

In Swabia, Martinmas is a festival for all the school children. For a week before the holiday, there is evidently something very mysterious going on among the little folks: boys and girls whisper together in school-time, and the pennies which usually go for nuts and apples are carefully hoarded up. It may be that the lessons are somewhat neglected, but it would never do for the teacher to be too severe on these slight short-comings, for he knows that all this mysterious planning is to give to him pleasure. When the day at last arrives the teacher is surprised, of course, to see before him a happy crowd of boys and girls, one carrying fruit, others wine, cake, and wreaths of dried grasses. But the most important of all is a white, fat goose, trimmed with gay ribbons, and pushed along by a crowd of boys. The children gather around their teacher, thrusting their gifts into

his hands, and laughing and shouting with great delight. If, by chance, the goose begins to cackle, the uproar increases, and the little folks dance and sing as if there were no such things as spelling-books and arithmetics in the world. No more study is possible that day, and after escorting the teacher to his house, they leave him with his presents, and go to their own holiday dinners of the Martinmas goose. It is not

uncommon for the children to ask about the Saint in whose honor the goose is eaten, and after dinner, if their curiosity still continues, many stories are related, of which he is the hero. He was a soldier at first, they are told, but, at the age of forty, he wished to leave the army and devote all his time to the service of God. Julian the Apostate, who was then Emperor of Rome, accused him of cowardice, in wishing to be dismissed before a battle, which was expected, could be fought. Soldier Martin repelled the charge, and offered to be placed naked in the front of the fight, armed only with his cross. He was taken at his word, and men were commanded to guard him, in order that this might be done, as it would have been, if peace had not been declared before the time of the battle. He was highly honored after he became a priest, and by none more than the Empress Helena, who once prepared a supper for him with her own hands, and waited upon him like a servant while he ate. It was, doubtless, a good supper, though the Martinmas goose was not cooked: so at least thought the pious Empress, who gathered up the crumbs when he had finished, as being, in her estimation, more precious than any meal that the Emperor's table afforded. He was noted, even while a soldier, for his benevolence, of which many stories are related. Here is one: "The winter of 332 was so severely cold that large numbers perished in the streets of Amiens, where the regiment of Saint Martin was quartered. One day he met at the gate a naked man, and taking pity on him he divided his cloak (for it was all he



IN-DOORS.

In some of the wine-growing portions of Germany, Saint Martin is supposed to take particular interest in the pressing of the grapes, and to have a hand in changing the must, or unfermented juice, into wine. The children believe that his power is still greater;

had) and gave half to the beggar. That night, in a dream, Jesus stood before him, and on his shoulders he wore the half cloak that Martin had given the beggar, and said to the angels: 'Know ye who hath thus arrayed me? My servant, Martin hath done it.'



I.



II.



III.



IV.

AFTER THE STORM, A CALM.

GOING TO THE VOLCANO.

In a green landscape by the sea-shore stands a house of no tropical fashion, but built after a trim New England pattern. It is two stories high, and gleams in its white paint among the bread-fruit and pride-of-India trees, as if it were peeping out from among the New England pines. The garden is filled with guava and coffee trees, the latter bright with their snowy blossoms: a little stream, brought in an artificial channel from the hills, ripples through it; and flowers, that have sprung from seeds brought from America, bloom upon the foreign soil, and remind the Americans in Hilo of their distant native land.

The tidy little house is, to-day, a scene of unusual confusion. The little packet schooner has arrived from Honolulu, laden with American and English visitors, who have come to see the Volcano of Kilauea, thirty miles distant from the shore. Hilo has, or at that time had, no inns; and travelers threw themselves, with what would seem, even in our own Far West, a somewhat unceremonious freedom, upon the hospitality of the missionaries and other foreigners in the little village. But guests are received, from year to year, with a tireless welcome, and entertained as if they were old friends instead of strangers. In each corner of the pastor's house, even in his study, a visitor is quartered; and the little dining room is filled with hungry guests from remote ends of the earth. Here is an English nobleman, who has found his way to Hawaii in his own tight yacht; or you may see a Chinese merchant there, who comes from the antipodes, and declares that in his country the volcanic fire would not be left to toss and roar at the distance of a hard day's ride from the sea-shore, but would be brought down the mountain in a suitable canal to the sea, for the greater convenience of visitors. The volcano was such a centre of attraction, and made such a variety of people, from remote corners of the world, our guests, that we used sometimes to boast that Hilo was the real centre of the world.

Let us glance into the room where the travelers' packing is going on. No trunks, valises, or carpet

bags appear. A dozen large calabashes serve instead; in these such effects as are needed for a three or four days' trip are stowed away; a lid, formed from the half of a gourd, protects the contents from the risk of rain, and the whole is inclosed in a stout net of cinet: one calabash is hung from each end of an elastic stick of *hibiscus*, and a stout native marches away under his load, which he is glad to carry all day for a Spanish dollar.

In the morning, betimes, the company starts, the

side of which Kilauea is situated. As our travelers progress the air grows cooler, and the mountain-winds whistle drearily among the stunted foliage of the upland trees. Forests are passed, and thickets of gigantic ferns whose stems form a tree-like trunk ten or fifteen feet high; the road passes near the cones of extinct craters, and, far off, the tender tropical blue of the sea shows, above the forests, a tint as delicate as that of the Mediterranean around Capri. The huge dome of Mauna Loa rises higher and more

grandly as our travelers approach it; upon the summit rests a crown of new fallen snow, and light volcanic vapors blow away from it, if it chance to be a time of activity at the summit of the crater. Underneath our travelers' feet is a rough surface of decaying volcanic rock, long since ejected from the crater which we are approaching. It has cooled, in the shape of great billows, like those of a storm at sea; and now slowly disintegrating, under the action of the elements, it affords a soil for coarse grasses, berries, ferns and even a foot-hold for the roots of trees.

The horses pick their way along the wretched road, and their riders become more silent as the day wears on. If they are good travelers, or if their time is short, they will push on before night-fall to the volcano; not to the summit of the mountain, and to the vast crater there. That crater is but seldom active; and the pathless wastes of that dome are seldom visited. It is the lateral crater, Kilauea, that we are soon to see.

As we approach the great volcano a sense of awe comes over us, even those who have

been there oftenest before. We are in a bleak, wild, upland country; and it seems bleaker and wilder as we approach. The ground is rent into fissures and chasms, at which the horses shy, and clouds of steam float away for ever from their depths. The scarred faces of the hills are stained with sulphur and gypsum, and there is a strong smell of sulphur in the air. A line of wild geese passes over us, in their ponderous and wedge-like flight, moving swiftly toward their hiding-places in the mountain, and to their fields of upland berries. Before us a great white cloud of smoke rises constantly with a slow writhing



It oftentimes happens that a child
Can make us think of what we were,
And back the happy season bring
When we were free from grief and care.

It sometimes happens that we see
A likeness, in that cherub face,
To one who in our open hearts
Hath found an everlasting place.—L. M. Thornton.

luggage carriers at the head, their loads swaying and creaking as they move off with an elastic step. The visitors follow, mounted on sorry-looking steeds of an inferior native breed, and striding Spanish saddles with high wooden pommels. The youngsters, when permitted to go, are mounted on donkeys, and bring up the rear of the cavalcade, indulging in various philosophical remarks, at which the elders smile, and making observations of men and manners for the benefit of the future readers of *THE ALDINE*.

The rough path winds slowly inland, climbing the gradual slope of the great mountain dome upon the

motion. It is the cloud that rolls away from an eternal fire. The slope of the mountain falls away to a gravelly level; the land seems eaten away by fire. We press rapidly on, the volcano seeming, in our impatience, to recede from us; when, suddenly, a vast chasm opens before us, and we stand in the full presence of the awful sight. No great view that I have ever seen breaks thus instantly upon the spectator. Mountains grow upon you from afar like palaces, cathedrals, or pyramids; of lakes and hamlets you catch far glimpses that give a foretaste of their beauty; but Kilauea, the indescribable, is invisible, too, until the instant when you see the whole.

In a vast upland plain the pit sinks away, vast and black, scarred with volcanic seams, an enormous sunken plain of grisly lava, three miles long and two broad. The bottom of that pit is sunken a thousand feet or more below the level at which we stand. Dizzy and perpendicular cliffs form its walls; and you wonder, as you look, how a descent can be made into that seemingly infernal domain. From the far end of the pit, when the thickest smoke rolls away, you see red, glowing spots of fire, that shine luridly in the shadow of the western crater wall, and seem to move uneasily from place to place. The whole bottom of this enormous chasm is seamed and fissured with millions of cracks and chasms, and puffs of vapor float away from these, relieved against the black profound. One thinks of the Bottomless Pit, where "the smoke of their torment ascendeth for ever and ever;" or if one's reading, like that of the "Doctour of Phisicke," in Chaucer, has been "but litel on the Bible;" the scene will rather remind him of that dark pool described by Dante, whose surface was incessantly disturbed by the sighs of damned souls plunged far beneath its surface.

We linger on the brink of the great crater. The fires slowly brighten, as the daylight dies away; or, it may be, that their energy really increases, by the virtue of some fitful volcanic law; while we gaze, we hear the sound of distant explosions, and see the vivid scintillations of the lava, as it is hurled high in air by the force of exploding gases. As night draws on, the lava grows intensely vivid and brilliant; but we must not forget our supper.

Within a few yards of the brink of the crater stands a little hut with thatched roof. It is earthquake-proof, for its walls are composed of stout poles planted in the ground, to which the steep rafters are firmly lashed. Within, the ground, beaten hard and level, and strewn with grass or covered with mats, forms the floor; and thick layers of mats, spread upon square frames of wood or platforms of earth, form the beds upon which our company is to rest. In the centre of our hotel a wood-fire blazes brightly; but it is rather for warmth than for culinary purposes; for, on the Hawaiian Islands, it is chilly at our present elevation of 4,000 feet above the sea-level. Besides, a larger fire than this is already burning for the cooking of our dinner. It is, in fact, the very largest fire in the world, and one that has burned from time immemorial—the central fire of the planet itself. All around the crater are fissures in the ground, intensely heated by the steam that escapes from them. It is only necessary to bury meats or vegetables in this heated earth to cook them deliciously. The news of our party's arrival had no sooner reached the "Volcano House," as our present lodging is called, than the natives buried in this way our uncooked dinner, wrapped in

thick layers of broad leaves that contain the juices of the food, and add somewhat of their own succulent flavors to it.

We have gazed our fill at the great crater, and the wild scenery around, and feel the bleak wind that sweeps constantly over its track, as if pressing us to leap and follow it down the airy gulf. Entering the house for warmth and rest we find dinner spread; and after it is eaten we stow ourselves away upon the mats and sleep dreamlessly until next morning, unless we should be awakened during the night to see some unusual display in the lava-lake of the crater.

Soon after an early breakfast the descent to the lake of fire commences. The narrow path winds downward over long reaches of sand and scoria, and among thickets of sandal-wood, and other less valu-

native chieftain, who perished from this cause, in 1780, with his followers, upon the brink of the same crater.

The weary walk draws to a close. We are close upon the vast column of mineral smoke that rises eternally from the lake of fire; we hear the loud yet dull sounds that it emits; we see lurid masses of red tossed heavily into the air; and, in another moment, we stand upon the bank of the molten lake, a pit within a pit, the "Ha-le Mau-Mau," or Everlasting House of Fire of the native mythology.

It is a sluggish sea of molten lava, half a mile in diameter, moving and boiling restlessly. It is not all red; most of its surface is covered over with thick cakes of congealed lava, upon which artillery might march, were it not for the heat. But each moment one of these great cakes is heaved off from the edge,

by the volcanic force, like a cake of ice in the East River when struck by a heavy ferry-boat. Slowly raising itself on one side, and sinking into the fusion of the other, it discloses a great patch of glowing, white-hot lava, which roars and emits blue flame, and tosses furiously to and fro as billows, or sends up jets of melted mineral. The fragment, reared on edge, goes down into the glowing mass to be remelted. The spot, thus bared of its covering, rages fiercely for awhile, a seething caldron of melted lava, and you shield your face from the intense heat; but soon this enormous radiation of heat cools it: a crust, at first reddish, then of a lovely silvery gray, then of a vitreous brown, covers the fiery sea. The process is constantly repeated elsewhere, with a roaring like that of great billows on the sea-shore.

We dip up specimens of the melted lava, where it oozes from crevices on the floor of the crater; we get our faces burned by the glare of the heat, and our shoe-soles worn through by the gnawing points of the lava-crust on which we walk; we load ourselves with lovely specimens of sulphur crystals and of lava, cooled in fantastic forms; we eat a hearty lunch, climb the walls of the crater again, and start for Hilo. On the third day after leaving it, we are safely at home by the sea-side. — T. M. Coan.

STUFFING BIRDS.

TO STUFF a bird well is a great art, which can only be acquired after much practice. The mere mechanical part of the operation is no easy thing to master—although with care and perseverance, and a set of

nimble fingers, wherewith to handle the requisite tools and manipulate the necessary materials, a few months of practice would make any one, who really loves natural history and seeks to preserve its examples for their own sake, a very proficient workman.

The implements to be used are few and simple, and may be thus summed up: A knife, with a slightly curved and pointed blade, which can be purchased at any store, or at any stall in the public streets; a pair of cutting pliers; a pair of strong scissors, not large, but of medium size; a button-hook; a narrow spoon, and a hand vise. Add to these a needle and thread, and a hone to sharpen your knife with when it gets dull, and your outfit is complete for work, so far as tools are concerned. In order, however, to get the bird into shape and strengthen its wings, legs, and body, you must provide yourself with annealed wires of various sizes. You may not always be able to purchase wire of this description at the shops; but so long as the material is good and suitable you can anneal it yourself, by putting it into the fire until it is



"Which in infancy lisped"

able trees. To cut the sandal-wood is forbidden by law; but we furtively break off branches of it, feeling that dread of the law which I have since found to be considerably less powerful in New York than it was in the Hawaiian Islands. Out there, they believe that laws are made to be enforced. We descend for half an hour, until the bottom of the crater is reached. A great rolling surface of lava, black and gray, and, where it is freshest, glistening in the sunlight at a million bright points of iridescence, expands before us; it is a cool sea of what was once, and even recently, liquid fire. It crackles like an ice crust as we tread over it, "sounding on our dim and perilous way" with heavy walking-sticks, in order that we fall into no treacherous fissure, concealed by the brittle mineral crust. For an hour we toil slowly along the nearly level bottom of the crater, suffering both from the solar and the subterranean heat. We make long detours to avoid clouds of sulphur vapor, that pour from hot fissures and threaten the danger of suffocation; and we think of the fate of Ke-ou-a, a

red-hot, and letting it cool in the air. Having made these provisions, your next need will be a quantity of the ordinary hemp of commerce; a lot of cotton wadding; a tin box, in which to keep a couple of ounces or more of crushed whiting, and two others, for I like to keep different things separate and in order—the one for pounded alum, and the other for chloride of lime. It is not necessary, however, to use both of these articles at one and the same time; either will do, but it is well to have a supply of both. Two or three good brad-awls are also indispensable articles, and you will require a few pieces of quarter-inch deal, on which to place your specimens when preserved; that is to say, if the object be to represent them as walking on the ground; but if you desire to perch them, you must cut some nice pieces of the crooked boughs of trees, so that they describe a curve from the perpendicular, and then go off at a right angle. Oak boughs, especially those of the black oak, are admirable for this purpose; and so are those of the Spanish chestnut; and a famous taxidermist, who is also an enthusiastic naturalist, recommends boughs of the laurel, cut in December, as the most fitting and beautiful for this purpose.

There are times and seasons for everything; and to do a thing well it must be done in season. Thus the best time for stuffing—or to speak according to the science—for preserving birds, is that when the plumage of birds is most brilliant and fullest of colors, gloss, and beauty. This season is the spring, for then nature renews herself, casts off her old winter garments, and arrays all her forms and varieties of life in their richest costumes. Birds are specially marked by her favor at this season—the male birds I mean, of course; for she really cares very little for the females, making them content with homespun and calico, whilst she ransacks all her paints, pigments, and spangled garments wherewith to make the males attractive.

In warm weather it would be folly to attempt to make a specimen. Mild weather is the best, and then a bird should be kept not more than three days. At the end of that time the skin strips readily, and is less liable to tear than if taken off earlier. It often happens that a shot bird is more or less injured when removed from the game-bag, and his feathers disarranged and bloody. When this happens they must be well sponged with warm water, and well peppered with the crushed whiting, which will almost make a cast of the bird's image. Some taxidermists then recommend the novice to dry the whole batch slowly before the fire, and afterwards break the harder lumps which may have occurred with the fingers. I think this is a capital plan, and better than the slow process of drying in the sun. In both cases, however, the feathers will resume their wonted place and texture. Some birds are too far gone, "too high," as the *bon vivants* say, to strip, or skin; and this can easily be tested by trying if the tender feathers above the tail will yield to the fingers; if not, you may proceed. And now comes the grand anatomical demonstration, so to dignify the deft proceeding which must next take place upon the dissecting table. Place your bird upon his back, and having opened the feathers from the neck to the tail, you will be almost sure to find a part where the feathers are not so numerous as elsewhere, and in some instances it will be bare altogether. Now take your knife, and lay open the skin on the line which you have previously marked; then thrust your fingers gently under it, on both sides, until you are able to pull the leg forward, and to draw the bare knee through the incised skin. Now cut off the leg at the knee-joint, and pull the shank still adhering to the leg till the skin is turned back as far as it will go. Strip the bone of its flesh and tendon, and roll it up like a mummy with a piece of hemp soaked in alum and water, after which lay hold of the leg by the claw and bring the skin back into its natural position. Herbert Hurst, a noted London taxidermist, recom-

mends that after having served both legs as indicated above, that the back of the bird should next be dissected: "Cutting off and weaving in the tail with that into which the feathers grow"—which "that" means, in the language of the epicure's table, the "Pope's Nose," or in brave vernacular English the "rump." The wings are to be treated the same as the legs and brought through the skin and cut off close to the body, when the skin is to be pulled over the body down to the head, so that the back of the skull shows itself. Hurst advises the young hand at this point of his labor, the legs and tail being clear, to hang up the carcass like a sheep in the butcher's shambles, and having a good surface of skull to operate upon, you may now cut a square hole in it with your knife, and scrape out the brains with your mustard spoon. This done, take a sponge saturated with water and alum, and wash it thoroughly. Then fill up the crypt with cotton wads.

The most difficult operation of all is the removal of the eyes, which requires quite a surgical skill to perform. The best way to do it is to dissect until the

will turn out a miserable failure. Having completed this structure, you are to singe it as they singe geese and turkeys to make all compact and snug. The skin must now be laid, with the feathers downward, on the table, and the wire passed through the neck where it has been cut off at the head, and through above the roof of the mouth, and out at one nostril; then draw it up close to the skull. Mr. Hurst, who adopts the common and simple practice, in preference to that of the French naturalists, although theirs is far superior in the strength and elegance of the whole fabric, says that after the above process, the skin must be turned back and drawn over the hemp body; passing the wire spike, which protrudes at the lower end, through the flesh upon which the tail grows, about the centre, and rather below than above. The tyro will find the final manipulation of the skin to the hemp body not the easiest task; but all difficulties tremble and give way before persistent effort and work. So nobody need despair in the presence of difficulties. A lion in the way? Well, then, slay the lion! The road has to be traveled. Try to fit the skin with the nimblest and tenderest fingers, and you will succeed.

Then sew up, beginning at the top of the breast and taking always inside stitches, or there will be a mess made of the feathers, and a spoiled bird. The sewing at first must be done with a lightsome needle, and subsequently, but gently and slowly, drawn tight with your button-hook. Now out with your plyers and cut two bits of wire which you can run up the legs, and into the neck, leaving enough to fasten the bird by to the standing board. Perhaps the most difficult operation in the whole art of bird stuffing, is that of passing the wire up the legs, because it has to be forced through the very middle of the foot, and up the back of the legs into the hemp body, and obliquely through into the neck where it is to remain and hold all taut and ship-shape. Mr. Hurst says that, in doing this, one is to remember the ordinary position of a bird when alive, and instead, therefore, of passing the wire all the way within the skin of the leg, when he gets to the part where the bone has been divided at the knee joint, it is best to pass it through the skin there to the outside where the knee would come naturally in the attitude of standing or perching—no matter which. He says this is essential, because, if the wire be passed the whole way inside the skin it produces a wrong placing of the legs, which every practiced hand knows to be the case, and hence a false attitude of the bird, and a general unnaturalness of bearing and aspect. If you design to place your bird upon the top of a tree branch, the first joint must be bent as nearly as possible to the plane of the foot. It depends, however, upon



"Is the solace of age."

the character of the bird whether it shall be mounted on a spray, or placed on a level. If the latter, one leg should be a trifle behind the other to give it an appearance of life. The wings of most specimens are closed, and the way to close them is by getting the fingers well under them, and bringing them together by pressure over the back. A needle should then be passed through the thick part of the upper wing into the body, and the lower wing must be dealt with in the same manner. A thread should now be fastened to one of the protruding ends of the needle, pin, or piece of sharp-pointed wire, whichever you may have used in the wing fastening, and wrapped lightly round the body until it is dry. This will keep all the feathers tight and smooth. A three-quarter circle of wire, in the shape of the letter C, thrown face downwards, and bent round the tail, will keep the feathers in place. The selection of the eyes for setting is the finishing stroke to the work, and the color of them will depend upon the color of those of the original bird. So long, however, as they are not chosen too large, almost any artificial eye will serve the purpose well enough, whilst the natural secretions in the lids will set them firmly like a cement. Most bird stuffers use either corrosive sublimate, or

lids appear, being very careful not to wound the eye itself. When this is done, the eyes can readily be drawn out with a forceps. The cavities must be treated in precisely the same manner as the skull—with a solution of alum, and cotton wadding. You may now cut off the neck as near to the skull as you can get. Wash the stump, and the interior surface of the skin with the alum, and repose awhile upon your labor, for the skinning operation is over. So you see after all that this part of the performance is not a very terrible one; and that it is within the ability of a very ordinary person to accomplish it. The art of stuffing is, perhaps, a trifle more difficult than the art of skinning; but it is simple enough, and there is no reason why any young man who cares for such exercise should not soon become a proficient. You are to take a piece of wire, sharpened at both ends, longer than the bird, and as large as the legs will carry. This is to be bent in a form which shall represent the body and junction of the tail. Round this you are to wrap sundry pieces of hemp until you have swollen it into the size of the bird's body, which should be near at hand so that the eye may measure it with the greater accuracy—because if the artificial body be too small or too large it

regulus of arsenic; but there is no need of these preparations except in warm weather, when the flies are abundant. In cool weather, alum is sufficient to preserve the bird from the attacks of all insects. Corrosive sublimate is better than arsenic to use, as being more cleanly and elegant. The mandibles should be tied together by a piece of string until the specimen is quite dry.

The art of posturing birds must, however, be carefully studied in the fields and woods before any bird-

South America," where he vaulted on a Cayman's back, as the hooked brute splashed in the waters of the Demerara, and was dragged triumphantly ashore in that position by the Indians whom he had employed to catch it for natural history purposes. If I had space, I could give some very pleasant reminiscences of this remarkable person. His park was walled round for three miles, and stocked with all kinds of birds and wild animals; and it was his delight and chief occupation, after his final return from the

or along the grand staircase and its galleries, which was not set in exact conformity to the ordinary appearance of the animal in nature. His humming-birds were alive. His crocodiles, snakes, eagles, hawks, and the many large animals which he brought home from America, were, each one of them, instinct with its own proper life and character. — *January Searle.*

AN ARTISTIC EVENING. — We have here a glimpse of a party of German students and their friends on



AN ARTISTIC EVENING.

stuffer can be a real proficient in the art. There is a sort of mechanical excellence which all may attain, but a naturalist will not be satisfied until he has reproduced, in his effigy of hemp, and skin, and wire, a counterpart of nature's own handiwork. I had the honor of a personal acquaintance with the celebrated naturalist, Charles Waterton, during the latter years of his life, and he was, out of all sight, the best bird-preserver, and the greatest master of the art of making his specimens look like living creatures, that I have ever known. Everybody who reads at all knows this incomparable man, through his "Wanderings in

South American forests, where he had spent seven years in natural history pursuits, voluntarily abandoning his splendid home and the pleasures, refinements, and blessings of civilization, for the sake of his dearly-loved science—it was his delight, I say, to climb the tall trees in his park, and watch for hours the ways, habits, and haunts of the beautiful dumb creatures for whom he had provided so beautiful and peaceful a home. This was the secret of his success as a taxidermist; for there was not a specimen in his vast cases, or mounted upon sprays and heavy branches or boards in his large and hospitable hall,

the river Pleise. It is a summer night, and the air is laden with woodland odors. The stars twinkle above them, and the sky is lighted by a tender moon. Fireworks are set off in the distance, and occasionally answered from the boats, which are thus thrown out in the sharpest relief. The song which they have just finished awakens a reply from a tenor in the boat that is receding, who enters into his singing heart and soul, as only a German can, and who does his share towards making it "An Artistic Evening."

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